

Poetry.

There is no Death.
The stars go down
And the moon's heaven's jewelled crown
That shines so bright.
There is no death! The dew we used
To gather grain or hollow fruits
Or raise those little flowers.
The young ones dream,
To feed the hungry bees they hear;
The birds sing sweetly,
From out the violets sit.
There is no death! The leaves may fall,
The flowers may fade away,
They only wait through wintry hours
To bloom again.
There is no death! An angel tread;
Walks o'er the earth with silent tread;
He holds in his hand the dead;
And when we welcome them "dead."
But unto that musing life,
The sun goes down, the stars appear;
We pluck our fairest, sweetest flowers;
Trusted friends are now gone.
Adieu, adieu, adieu.
The bird-like voice, when you leave us,
Sings new an evening song.
Adieu, adieu, adieu.
And where he sees a smile too bright,
Or hears too pure for taste and vice,
He bows his head, and sighs.
Twice in Paradise!
But unto that musing life,
The sun goes down, the stars appear;
We pluck our fairest, sweetest flowers;
Trusted friends are now gone.
Adieu, adieu, adieu.
The birds like voices, when you leave us,
Sing new an evening song.
Adieu, adieu, adieu.
WINNING A BRIDE.
BY ERIC H. STRATTON.

Our Story Teller.

For the Maine Farmer.

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John Bradacome was one of the largest

johns in northern Texas. As he

paced back and forth upon the veranda of this eventful morning, even the most

distant observer could see that John Bradacome was a man who was a walking

plan and possibly such a one would fit

wonderfully into the scheme of things.

Everything that money could buy was his at the word; there therefore exhibited

in him a spirit of indifference to all that

was not in his power.

"Any command of men I will tell you,

any command of wild horses, that

any command of fortune I can get,

will be mine."

Was that all? No, that was the least of his power. John Bradacome was the father of a pretty, willful daughter. Like many other fathers, he was anxious to have her marry well, and when he could not catch him on this equine beauty John Bradacome had spent money enough to bring in a goodly sum, and had sent his most skillful riders to run him down but in vain. The wary animal out-witted them, and galloped proudly away from their horsemen.

"What is all?" No, that was the least of his power. John Bradacome was the father of a pretty, willful daughter. Like many other fathers, he was anxious to have her marry well, and when he could not catch him on this equine beauty John Bradacome had spent money enough to bring in a goodly sum, and had sent his most skillful riders to run him down but in vain. The wary animal out-witted them, and galloped proudly away from their horsemen.

"I'll send her to Maine, that's what I'd do," he said, as he stamped up and down the veranda. "She has been in this foolish country long enough. I'll send her to school; hand knows it needs it bad enough. She can ride a wild horse, and she can swim, and she can swim the capital of her own State. And she is old enough to fall in love! Well, well, how the world grows! I'll send her to school. By the time she graduates she'll sell out and move north myself."

"Oh, I'm going to her," said a saucy,

laughing voice; and he turned in comic

disguise, dressed as Miss Elizabeth herself

laying in the doorway.

"I'm talking about you, I tell you!"

"You may as well talk to me as to me!"

Next Monday morning, and—yours to stay for four years, John Bradacome had looked up his daughter, and she would take the unwelcome news. To his surprise, she coolly seated herself in the shadow of the veranda, and took a book from her pocket, began reading, as though the subject in question held no particular interest for her.

"Dame, hear, to your Aunt Elizabeth!"

"You are going to school, girl; d'ye hear?" he cried, impatiently.

"I heard you say, so, papa," she replied.

"I'll send her to Maine, that's what I'd do," he said again, as he stamped up and down the veranda.

"She has been in this foolish country long enough. I'll send her to school; hand knows it needs it bad enough. She can ride a wild horse, and she can swim, and she can swim the capital of her own State. And she is old enough to fall in love! Well, well, how the world grows! I'll send her to school. By the time she graduates she'll sell out and move north myself."

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